## THE DEAN'S SISTER

A STORY OF MALTA. BY PAUL GARDNER.

The days on which the Peninsular and Oriental steamships touch at Malta are days of mortification to the ordinary guests at Durnsford's; for a few hours the white corner house with the green shutters is given up to Babel. A crowd of people, fassily important because they are bound to the East or from the East, into the hotel, talking loudly in the passages-about Shepheard's or Colombo-and driving into corners the timid residents, to whom yesterday Durnsford's was a home. They engross, these newcomers, the jalousied windows, they monopolize the shady balconies, and standing on these, turn up their noses at Government House. As for the lunchcon table, they swoop down upon it like harpies, and drive the waiters crazy. Beppo resigns himself to tears. Angelo, a man of sterner stuff, locks himself into the china closet, and utters dainty oaths in lingua Franca.

All this occurs on an average once a week, and as often the hotel ilons, with certain exceptions, become lions couchant and passant. On a certain Friday last February the storm raged about the house with quite phenomenal fury, and there were two exceptions and two only. They were the Dean of Dromore and his daughter. It was strange. No one took their places. No one opened the window behind them, or snatched away the dish while their hands hung fateful over the ripest mandarin, or did any of the things happen to them which drove common people-nay, even Lady Druits and her nieceto beat an early retreat.

But then the Dean was one of a thousand; a man of portly, handsome presence, tall, freshcolored, clean shaven. His manner smacked of Eton, and command. Blue-jackets and marines looked after him in the street, and the former spoke of him as "that there King." At the Union Club it was whispered that good judges had taken him for President Grey, the Cardinal Legate (in muftibus), and Bishop of Gibraltar. It was certain that he had condescended to the Governor, and set the Admiral right on a point of tactics.

Even now, as he sat chatting with an old friend who had come in by the "Surat," he had an indulgent smile for the saturnalia that reigned bout him. But he was otherwise unmoved by "And so you are going to India for another spell of duty!" he was saying.
"Yee, it is better than being laid on the shelf,"

the colonel replied. "And you? You are taking life easily. I suppose? How long have you been here? His eyes strayed as he spoke to some one sitting opposite him.

"How long?" the Dean said, noting their direction with a covert smile. "A month, more or less. The place suits me. That is my daughter

you are looking at, by the way."

"She is, is she? Then you have an uncommonly pretty daughter!" the old soldier retorted "Much trouble with the subalterns, The clergyman laughed softly. "No, no. Not much. Mary is a good girl-a very good

"And that is your son talking to her?" "My son?" with surprise. "Oh. dear, no!"

"Ah!" replied the Colonel, slowly, and with a peculiar intonation, "not yet?"

The Dean shock his head in gentle repudiation of the idea; but his eyes twinkled.

"Who is he?" asked the other.

"He is Brigade-major here, a Major Macdon-ald—Andrew Macdonald."

"Ha! A son of Lord Macdonald, of Glen-more, is he not? Eldest son?"
"Ye-es," the Dean admitted gradgingly. "I believe he is the eldest." And if his friend chose to pat him on the shoulder, and to chuckle somewhat rudely, why he could not help it. For this was no common colonel, but a man with half the alphabet before his name or after it; a man not lightly to be repulsed. Yet some seeing him, a mean and meager little creature, pawing the Dean, and knowing nothing of all those letters, went away sorrowfully, forced to think that even this lion had not

After lunch the quartet went out to stroll on the barracks. As they passed along the Stranda Reale by the shops of the Borgs, many eyes followed Mary Young, and indorsed the gallant Colonel's opinion. Her face possessed that shy brightness, not of the eyes alone, for that you may find under many an unsightly Maltese hood, which is the charm of a girl at once healthy and sensitive. Her clear complexion, perhaps her wavy brown hair, were her father's; but the soft lines of a mouth that seemed over trembling on the verge of tears or aughter were her own. She were a sailor's bet, and a tight-fitting, jaunty-tailed jacket, and

she carried a stick. As to Major Macdonald, though he twirled als mustache—it was reddish, and his face was freekled—and swaggered a little as he passed the club, made but a poor show. He had no longer a will of his own, and the men at the club window knew it. He had lost his heart, and Mary knew it. He had nothing to sav, and thought himself inexpressibly stupid. He made no resistance even when the Dean presently shock him off, but went away to mope slone. But courage, Major! Perhaps some one ound the gallant veteran's wit and wisdom a poor substitute for your stopidity; and was searcely sorry when the boat which bore him to his vessel was lest among the score or so that were derting this way and that, like so many green and blue dragon-flies at play on the rip-

pling surface.

The father and daughter stood awhile, looking over the quarantine harbor, and debating whether they should pay a certain call at Sliema, the auburb beyond it. They had just decided to do so, when Mary espied Davies, the Dean's servant, hurrylog towards them. "What is it?" asked the Dean, when the man had come up with

"Your sister has arrived, sir," he replied The Dean looked down at him a moment, faint expression of amusement on his face; and such was the kindly criticism of his attitude that the painter of his portrait could have wished for no better opportunity. "I am glad," he said at last, in measured accents, "I am glad that you are not given to gossiping, Davies."

The servant looked astonished, as he well might, and colored. But he answered, "Yes air," and touched his hat.
"I say, Davies, I am glad that you are not iven to gossiping," repeated the Dean blandly; because if you were you would have learned, though you have not beer with me long, that I have no elster. And consequently that it is impossible that there should be any sister of mine

st-the borel, I think you said." Well, sir, she-I mean there is a lady lunching in your room, sir. I was told to let you know that she had arrived." the man explained. "Lunching in our room!" cried Mary, her curi-

"Good gracious, papa, do come. It must be some one who knows us very well."
"If Davice' story be correct," replied the Dean, with ominous meaning. "it must be some one

who knows us very well. We will go and do They started on their climb up the narrow Strado San Marco, while the servant, puzzled and chapfallen, toiled slowly up the steep pavement behind them. "Who can it be?" asked

Mary softly.

"My dear." answered her father with a tinge of asperity, "how can I tell? And what does it matter? I do not think that we have many matter? I do not think that we have many natter! I do not think that we have many friends of whom we have reason to be ashamed."

Arriving at the hotel they found Angeleawaiting them on the stairs. His southern face was aglow with eagerness to please. "Your excellency's sister has descended here, sare," he cried, effusively rubbing his hands as he prepared to go before them to their sitting-room. "She was too late for the table d'hote, and the crewd—ah, my eyes! it was tremendous! She takes a chop and tomato-sauce in your excellency's room." A chop and tomato-sauce! And in their room! The passage was dusky. The Dean's face—per-haps it was better so—could not be seen. And he said nothing. But probably he thought a great deal. Probably he was not altogether un-prepared for the sight which met his eyes when prepared for the sight which met his eyes when Angelo threw open the door. A tall, middle-sged lady, dressed in black, was sitting at the table facing them. Her long black cotton gloves lay by her plate, Her fan and sunshade sere also on the white cloth. She looked up servonely, saw them, and rose. There was a smell of gravy in the room. For all this, we have said, the Dean was prepared. But not for what followed—for the intruder's immediate advance with hands outstretched. "Fergus!" she exclaimed; and then, as he still stood motion-

ess, she repeated piteously, "Fergus! Surely you will say that you are glad to see me!" The Deac's gaze roving over her, took in her full florid cheeks, her beady black eyes, her searing bonnet, and it must be confessed that he bianched. He fell back a step. "I think," he said, with stiff politeness, "that there is some mistake here, madam. My name is Fergus, it is ma But I do not think that I have had the "Of seeing me before?" she cried. "Why." I and she lifted her hands in astenishment, "you le net mean that after all these years you will

## BUER TRUE.

(ICH WAR TREU.) I. D. FOULON. Words and Music by Moderato. d. - 60. Er - - de, so tief sind die Mee - - re, Wan - del - los, schwei-gend das - se-lig, trau - me-risch zähl' ich die Stun - - den, Ach, man - ches end - lo - se 1. Hin-schmach-tend, seh - nend er - harr' ich noch im - - mer Bot - schaft von ü - ber der 1. Long - ing-ly, pa - tient-ly, still am I wait - ing, Ti-dings from o - ver the 2. Wea - ri - ly, drea - ri - ly, since last we part - ed, Ten years I've count - ed the 3. Where are you? Broad's the earth, deep is the o - - cean, Si - lent and change-less the Grab ..... Jahr ....; 868 ..... - en - heart - ed. With - ered hours ..... grave .......



not forgive and forget! That you will not let bysones be bysones, even now?"
"Years! Bysones!" the Dean repeated incredplously, puzzled and confounded, if his manner might be trusted. "I assure you most seriously that I do not understand you, my dear lady. To the best of my knowledge we have never met. Pray tell me for what you take me."
"For my brother, Fergus Young-for the Dean of Dromore, of course," she replied so positively that Mary was startled. "And so that is my niece? Mary, my dear girl, you will speak to me. But there, you never knew your aunt

The Dean's face grew suddenly purple. "The woman is mad," he gasped. "Stark, staring nad. She says she is my sister. I have no sis-

'You had one, and I am that one." "I had one, and she died years ago," he answered, not as speaking to her, but to the room. "Died! To you, you mean," the woman replied with a grating laugh. "Come, get off your high horse, Fergus. That is all over twenty years ago. Do not disown me now."

"Discoun you, woman!" the Dean cried pashe could stand it no longer-it was too ridicu-lous, "I never owned you." She eyed him a moment, with a queer smile, while Mary watched them both. Then, with a kind of dignity, the woman gathered up her

gloves and fan. "Very well," she said, placidly, making as if she would pass them without more words and go out, "be it so, brother." "You still say that I am your brother?"

"I do. You know you are," she replied,

The Dean choked, recovered himself, choked again, and finally spluttered out, "Then you are an imposter, madam! I say you are an imposter! And I shall expose you without mercy. It is my belief that you are trying to obtain credit in this hotel by the use of my name." "Nonsense, Fergus," she rejoined in the tone of a maiden aunt reproving an unreasonable schoolboy. "You know that that is not so. I bave money and can pay for everything. The waiter will bear me witness that I directed him to put my luncheon down to No. 9. That is my

number. You will know where to find me should you change your mind, brother."

She disappeared. And there could be no doubt with whom lay the bonors of the field. If ever a cleric longed to be a layman who might give his feelings uncanonical expression, it was the Dean at that moment. "Weil!" he exclaimed, dropping into a chair. "Well!" getting up again as if he had sat on a pin, "I never heard of such impudence! Never! I could scarcely have believed it if an angel had told me a waman could be so brazeo."

"But, papa," said Mary standing by him, per-plexed and frightened, "do you think that she The Dean shrugged his shoulders and spread out his bands. "Or-or-there can't be two Deans of Dro

He shook his head vaguely, walking to and fro, as if he would be responsible for no state-ment after this. There might be two Pope's of of Rome. He would not say.
"Aunt Alice," Mary said musinely. course Aunt Alice died twenty years ago."

The Dean stopped in his walk and glared at You-you had a difference with her, pape

The Dean seemed like to choke again. "Let us understand one another," he said, grimly. "Do you suspect me of denying my own flesh and blood, my girl?"

"Oh no, no, papa," she declared.

"Then why ask that question? But I will answer it. My sister made a foolish marriage. I did have a quarrel with her. I was reconciled to her later. I was, I thank beaven, on good

terms with her when she died. Now, are you satisfied? Perhaps I should add that I was at "Forgive me, papa," Mary said. "But now we know one thing. We know her to be some one sequainted with Aunt Alice at that time." "Then, what is her object?" cried the Dean desperately. ["After what had passed the people at the hotel will not give her credit—on my account, at all events. What is her object?"

Mary shock her head sagely. "Perhaps we shall learn presently," she said. And she rang the bell and gave her father a cup of tea.

They dine somewhat early at Durnsford's in order that they may go in comfort to the opera; for Valletta boasts an excellent house built by Barry, and highly enlivened by all manner of uniforms. When the Dean and Mary entered the dining-room that evening, followed by 'her Majar,' as Miss Druitt called him, the eyes of two of the four sought the lower end of the long table at which new comers always took their seats; and it must be confessed that the Dean's face grow brighter. The lady in black was not present. He took his seat and spread his napkn with a sense of large relief, and looked about him placidly. And then—and, then in the twinkling of an eye all his comfort fied away. No doubt she had used his name to procure a

n her florid cheeks, in the ridiculous square of black velvet on her head, in her quivering earrings, above all, in the defiant glances of her eyes, which appalled him. She was talking loudly. He heard her drop an h. He shuddered at the thought that she had called herself his sister. His! He plunged his spoon into the oup and ate savagely.

"Ab! could you tell me," his neighbor presently

said low in his ear-Macdonald was an excellent ellow, but he had a trick of humming and hawing-"who that-er-very singular woman is, "No," replied the Dean steadily, appearing to take little notice, while Mary blushed to the

tips of her fingers, "I have no idea."
"Er"-with his eye-glass up-"such a very trange woman. Do you not think so, Miss

Young? To be hers, you know?"

Mary murmured something which the Major could not catch, for the woman in question was speaking loudly. "Yes, it is a dreadful thing to estranged from one's family." she was saying; 'I should know it if anyone does."

"I did not know--er-that such people had a family," was the Major's muttered commentary.
"But," the lady in black continued, "what I never would have believed is the unkindness I have received from my family abroad. My

"Er-she is quite a character!" said the Major. He turned to the Dean, but found him inattentive. "Quite a character," he continued, "er -Miss Young." "Ob, quite," said Mary faintly.

But the Major was not a fool, his manner notwithstanding; and he detected something amiss in Mary's tone. Looking up quickly he found her coloring and confused, and saw something was amiss. He wondered amazedly what it was, but groped in vain, and gradually forgot the incident and its cause in murmuring matters more pteresting to himself, if not to her. But it chanced that after dinner he lingered

behind the Dean a moment. There were only Angelo and Beppo in the room when he rose. "Who is the lady in black, who sat-erthere and talked so loudly. Angelo!" he asked, moved only by lazy curiosity. Angelo shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands, while his curly hair sped down to his eyebrows and back again. "Well. sare," he answered, "she says-but there! Pouf!" And

again his scalp made a forced march. Well, what does she sav!" "She says she is the sister of the English gentleman you dine with." incredulously, emphatically.

"She say so. He say no," with indifference. "Impossible!" Major Macdonald cried. "She say so; he say no," repeated Angelo with superb shrug. The Major paused a moment to take it in-to

take in even the idea of it, and moved away in a maze. Of course the report was preposterous-absolutely so. He had the Dean's word for it that it was not true. And yet—and yet the Dean's stiffness and Mary's embarrassment when their attentions had been called to this woman had not escaped him. He sent some excuse to the Dean by one of the servants and hurried to his quarters. If the truth must be told, he felt very uncomfortable, being the man he was. For he had one weak spot in his character, had Andy Macdonald. He feared one thing to excess, and that was scandal. That the breath of it should come near him or his. Pah, the thought sickened him. He was Scotch, proud, honest, not very dull. He had never himself ione anything of which he was ashamed, nor to the best of his belief had his people. He was manly in his way. He loved Mary Young much, but he feared scandal more Poor Mary!

However she knew nothing yet, whatever she may have thought of his sudden indisposition. Nor did she or her father even hint at possibilities until the next afternoon. Then as they were driving to Gymkhana-the fortnightly garrison sports—in one of those pony chaises the hire of which seemed so ridiculously low, the Dean said: "I suppose Macdonald will be here to give

us tea?" "Oh, yes, I think he said so," Mary replied harriedly. But her face fell. The drive, hitherto a triumph for her, had lost its savour, or she ber zest

On reaching the course they went at once to the stand reserved for the officers' friends, and she was quickly surrounded. But all the hom-age in the world was nothing to her now unless Andy Macdonald was of the party. And he had He appeared presently, but in company with the Druitte, and ill at ease. Even when he left

them and came to her there was a stiffness in his manner which she had no difficulty in interpreting. Yesterday his passion had shown him by and awkward, but to-day he was silent and morose—a conscience-stricken man. And Mary knew, poor girl, that something of her mastery over him was gone. But she hid her pain bravely. She sat with

the Druitts at one of a dozen little tea-tables that were set out before the stand, and made believe to be the govest of the gay. Her train of subalterus never dwindled, the hum about her never died away, her laugh never quavered. She looked into the Major's troubled eyes and She looked into the Major's troubled eyes a gave no sign. The Dean steed on the outak

of the group, his teacup in one hand, his saucer in the other, his head delicately poised, and felt happy again in the full enjoyment of the sunshine and laughter and prettiness about him

He was even laying down the law to the Colonel, when there broke in on their chat a third—a Major Ritterden, one of Macdonald's brother officers and a steward of the sports. "Dean," he said warmly, after a word of greet ing, "why did you not write for another ticket?" "Another ticket?" the Dean repeated, "for what purpose? You were good enough to send me two."

"For your sister," replied Ritterdon in perfect "For whom?" Unfortunately the Dean spoke so loudly that a score of ears in his neighbor-hood were opened, and half as many tongues grew silent. "For whom, Major Ritterden?"

Of course Ritterden saw that something was wrong. "Well, she—I did not learn her name," he stammered. "Only that she was your sister my dear Dean." "And you have brought her in here?" the Dean eried roundly. He had thought that in this sacred erely are at least he would be safe. "Then

you, sir, that she is an impostor! An he repeated in wrath. "I have no sister living. I have never seen the woman be-fore, Colonel Watts." "Or, Fergus, laddie!" cried a shrill voice, an the Dean turned as if he had been shot, and found that terrible woman, black gloves and all,

at a table behind him. "Oh, Fergus, laddie, don't be unnatural?" Purple went the Dean's face. "Woman!" he thundered. But there. What he said more was lost-lost and swallowed up along with propriety, good manners, and everything else in the inextinguishable peals of laughter which went up to the Maltese heaven. "Oh, Fergus, laddie!" The woman's words as applied to the portly diguitary, her tone of exasperated pathos and the huge black-bordered hankerchief she waved-all fed the flame. Even Mary laughed. Only two stood within hearing and were grave.

They were the Dean himself, whose rage was boundless, and Major Macdonald. Suddenly, as suddenly as it had arisen, the laughter died down, and was succeeded by an awful silence. It is well that society does not often forget itself, the return to sanity is so dreadful. What was anyone to dof Apoligize to the Dean? Turn the woman out? Go on as if nothing had happened! No one knew; and Mary Young saved them the trouble of thinking

She rose. Something-perhaps some face on which her eyes had fallen-had driven the laughter from her lips, so that as she put her chair saide she looked as handsome as ever, but also a little stately. "I think," she said, holding out ber hand to the Colonel, before her father had regained his voice, "if you will exense us, papa shall take me away, Colonel Watts. We two will have our laugh out at

Half a dozen voices were raised at once numble protest. But the one for which the girl was listening was not among them though Andy Macdonald's heart was 'uil of pride in her. He would have had his wife behave exactly as she had behaved, if the thing could have happened to his wife. But then there was that "if." Such things had never happened to the Ladie Macdonald.

However, the general feeling was with Mary, though the Druitts, her dear friends, might sneer. Thanks to her courage the Dean's dig nity had come through the ordeal almost un-The interloper, whom some of the "young 'uns" had begun to "draw," was left to herself,

and presently withdrew. By that time the Dean and Mary were at home. She had kept her face turned from him during the drive, and they had not exchanged a word. But when they stood in their sittingroom they looked at one another. "Papa," Mary said, her voice breaking, at

the tears rising to her eyes, "what is this Whatever does it mean?" "My dear," he answered, with humility won derful for him, "I know no more than you do."
"But-but you see what it is doing?" she said

He could only nod; and she went to her room and almost cried her eyes out. The Dean took her words, and rightly, for an appeal. But he was as a bull in a net. He felt himself entangled, and resented the flimsy web which foiled him, yet he did not see how to free himself. He might have had recourse to the law, but he did not know how it could help him. He might have explained matters to Andy Macdonald: but the major had not spoken, and the Dean was proud. He might have fled before the enemy and left Malta; but if he did this he must give up all hope of the attachment between his daughter and Macdonald coming to a happy issue. And that he could not face, for already he feared that her cheeks were loosing their roundness. He had taken to watching her stealthily. He saw that she was apt to be thoughtful when they were alone, however proudly she might have queened it in the Atrada Reals a few minutes before. Or she was evergay—so gay that he was not deceived for a mement. Or she

svoided his eyes; and at this his heart grew hot and he longed to fall upon Andy Macdonald. But this was impracticable. The man had not comitted himself. And besides, to give him a black eye might not be the best way to rub out the dark stains that were gathering under

Would anything do any good? That was the question. Gradually the Dean came to think that one thing only would, if the cause of the mischief were even now removed. The woman in black was still in the hotel. Since the fracas at the Gymkhana the Youngs had taken their meals in their own room, but again and again, in the hall or on the stairs the Dean had seen her and been made to shudder by her jeering laugh, or some wild word thrown after him. The poison she distilled made the place loath-

There was but one way then. He could no ustify it to himself, and it was dangerous; but fate provided him with the opportunity, and he let himself be tempted.

It happened some days after the sports. He was strolling disconsolately among the rocks, quantum mutatus ab illo, and was near the Sliema battery, a tolerably solitary spot, when he met the woman alone. She was close to the water's edge, and he went to her and spoke without preface. "Madam," he said, looking sternly at her, while she first started, and then smirked at him, "I am aware that you are only here to annoy me."

"No, no; to regain your effection, brother." she said in a mincing way that sorely tempted him to strike her. "Well, you do annoy me," he answered dis-passionately. "I do not know what your motive may be, but I presume it is connected with money. Well, money you shall have. I am prepared to give you a hundred pounds if you will take yourself off to morrow." The proposition was an abrupt one, and her face changed surprisingly. But he read in it none of the triumph for which he looked, only fear and suspicion. "It is a trap," the woman said, looking up at him with her beady eyes. "It is a trup." But as she said this a second

time her fingers began to clutch one another

"I do not wish to entrap you," rejoined the Dean, "and I have no witnesses. However, those are my terms; if you refuse them I shall myself leave to-morrow. That is all. "I am not extorting money," she said, assert ing it sullenly after a long pause. "You will remember that. I have asked for nothing." "I shall not prosecute you," he rejoined drily, "if you keep out of my way in future." "I will promise to do that," she answered briskly, "and glad. There! I will take it," she continued after a momentary hesitation, closing her lips tightly, as if she knew of some risk and were prepared to run it. "When will you

The Dean paused tofthink. "To-morrow at noon," he answered, "and here. But only after have seen your luggage in the hall, and earned that you have given up your room." "Right," she said shortly, and nodded and went away at once. "Right? I hope it is not all wrong," he groaned, as he went his way to the Sliems landing-place by another road, and even then, seeing her on the steam ferry, had to take a rowing boat to cross the quarantine harbor or

go in her company.
Still he tried to assume the old aplomb now, issuring bimself that his troubles were over. But he could not quite compass it. He was not broken to subterfuges and intrigues. Essentially an honest man, he failed to combine them with his natural dignity. When he stole away next day—half an bour late—to the rendezvous. he had the air of a whipped Dean.

He came upon his accomplice before he reached the shore, at the corner of some gardens close to the battery. The woman was returning in anger, thinking he had deceived her, but her face cleared on seeing him. "Well," she asid roughly. "have you got it?" She had dropped all pretense now of being a lady.

He glanced around to see if they were alone.

How he hated the whole thing! And then he handed the packet to her. She counted the

notes slowly, he eyeing her the while with aver-

eion. "Yes, they are right," she said, going a pace or two from him while she put up the packet, and then turning again. "You will see no more of me. I should have left you in peace to-day, whether or no, old gentleman." This was not pleasant hearing, but the Deen did not answer, for one reason because a man had appeared in the read behind her, and within earshot. If she had looked up as she siepped away before turning to utter that last bit of illnature she would have seen the man. But she

parently was not a gentleman. He was out of temper now, and altogether an ugly customer to tackle. Any one could see that Nevertheless, the Dean answered quietly, "It is her business," but he breathed hard. "Her business? She is my wife!" was the

briskly. "Then, perhaps you will tell me who you are, and how your wife comes to be passing herself off as my sister?" This was a relief—the discovery of a man in the matter, at first. "My name is Snell," the other answered curt-ly. "I am a non-commissioned officer in the stores department. And now that you know who I am, I will trouble you to tell me what

you were giving my wife." "Some money—a hundred pounds," the Dean answered frankly, wondering in his innocence whether he were going to get it back.

"A hundred pounds!" the stranger stammered. "a hundred pounds!" And then the Dean's eyes were opened, and his face grew hot. "Stay, etar," he cried pitiably, for the other was elenching his fiete with an unmistakable purpose, "you misapprehend me altogether. In-deed, you do, my good man. I am the Dean of Dromore. My name is Young Your wife, with what motive I am quite unable to explain,

has been troubling me by passing herself off as "As your sister!" incredulously. "Certainly," the poor Dean affirmed. "And to rid myself of the annoyance, I perhaps foolishly, gave her a hundred pounds, as you saw."

"To do what!" "To go away? And you dare to tell me this, you reprobate!" the soldier cried furiously. "Do you think that story will wash-that-that pack that you offered my wife a hundred pounds to go away! Shame on you, old man! Shame!

Ab, if any of the subalterns in the-th

whom his manners had oppressed could have seen the Dean then! "Oh, dear, dear; this is very terrible!" he murmured tremulously, looking about him for help. "I assure you, my good man. you are quite wrong." "Wrong! I will soon show you who is wrong." cried the sergeant, vengefully; "and-

But the catastrophe was averted. "Er!" ejaculated some one who had just turned the corner of the garden wall. "er—what is the matter, Dean! What is all this!" The speaker was Major Andrew Macdonald The sergeant pulled himself up and saluted-a

machine once more. The Major had come upon the scene in the nick of time-only just in the nick of time-and yet the Dean could not thank him-could for the moment do no more than smile feebly upon him and wave his hand in deprecation, while the sergeant stiffly related his wrongs, or the wrongs he fancied.

"But," said the Major, after listening a mo-ment in silence, "do I understand. Dean, that you really gave the woman a hundred pounds?" "Yes," the Dean admitted. "She will tell you -why, the woman is gone!" in surprise. "Oh, oh, she has gone," the soldier retorted bitterly, his wrath, which the presence of the officer had partially suppressed, flaming up again. "She has taken her money and her instructions, old gentleman, and govo! Dence a doubt about it! And where are you going to meet her? That is what I would like to know." "Be silent, Sneil," said the Major. But when

"Be silent. Sheil," said the Major. But when he had said that he did not see his way any further. He stood looking at Mary's father gloomily, assured of his guilt. To give a hundred pounds to a pure impostor seemed to his Scoten mind an incredible piece of folly—a thing which no man in the Dean's position and of his years would do. "Wby, you might have gone away yourself," he murmured, following out his train of thought and perhaps calculating the expense of a removal to Algiers or Cairo. "I wish to heaven I had!" the Dean ejaculated

But he could scarcely tell the young man why be had adopted that course. He could not ex-plain, to him, his hopes about Mary—bopes now dashed to the ground and shattered beyond re-

Poor Mary! For the only doubt left in Mac-donald's mind turned on the nature of the tie between the Dean and this woman. Were the soldier's suspicious correct! Or was the vulgar Mrs. Snell really the Dean's sister—a sister shamefully discovered and illtreated! Was this dull non-commissioned officer the Dean's brother in-law! Macdonald shuddered at this, thinking of the escape he had had, and roused himself

nature she would have seen the man. But she had not looked up, and now she walked straight into his arms, and recoiled with a faint shriek.

The new-comer took her by the shoulder, and gave her a slight shake.

"Yes," he remarked coly, "I have sette hear about this, my girl—all about it. What has this gentleman been giving youl And why do I find you living at the hotel like a lady while I have been away?

She began to cry, answering nothing, and the stranger's face grew red. "Perhaps you will explain!" he said, turning with a kind of ferecity to the Dean. "Now, sir!" He was sturdy and middle-aged, wearing a semi-uniform, and ap-

week ago he had been free from tare. The this thing had arisen—in its origin an absurd trifle; now so magnified by his improduces, that the rest of his life might be spoiled by its shadow. He loitered here and there to take a breath as he climbed the steep staircase of a street, a looked up from time to time at the narow wed of deep blue sky which roofed it. But he s nothing. All the beauty Malta had held for him yesterday, all the pleasure its peeps of the ses suddenly disclosed when least expected, its quaint houses, its airy walks on rampart and bastion had given him, existed no longer. He crept up to his room a shaken man, and, glad to learn that his daughter was out, sat at the trole

gazing on ite cold polished surface with oye wide and sightless. The Dean sat thus probably for half an hour —a week it seemed to him, looking back on it with loathing afterwards. And then a hasty knock at the door recalled him to himself.

"Come in," he said, hearsely. "Well, what is it?" he continued, his face darkening as he saw who his visitor was, and rose to confront his "What is it, Major Macconald?" "Er-an apology. An abject and miserable apology." was the answer. The young man stood before him turning his bat in his hands.

looking unhappy, and much ashamed of him self, and not a bit priggish now. "I have hus ried here to offer it for myself and for otherswho should have been here in person, for they are more in fault," he added with a touch o

"Perhaps you had better explain," said the Dean with hautenr. But hope was springing up "It was all a hoax, sir. Some of those you fools in the---th got it up," Andy replied impets

usly. "They had a fancy that you ra well, rather sat upon them, you know, and they wanted to take you do-er, to have a return match, you see, and they put Mrs. Suell up to playing her part, finding that she had known a bit about you years ago." "And was the acquisition of my hundred pounds part of the plot?" the Dean asked wrathfully. But he knew in his heart that his arger

"Oh, no! of course not It shall be repaid at once. The woman took advantage of there. She is not too good a lot, I suspect, has given Snell trouble before. But the fellows did not know that, or they would not have had anything to do with her. She had only been out here a few weeks, and being known to few susted their plans exactly.

was only a pretense.

"Umph!" the Dean snorted. "And were Jar in this precious conspiracy, Major Macdonald?" "Certainly not!" Andy hastened to answer with humility. "They did not say anything to me er because Miss Young is not at home. I suppose?" with a change of subject, sudden, but

"No," said the Dean carelessly. "I think she has gone as far as the barracks. Well, I hope I shall hear no more of this foolish business." "You may depend on that, sir," said the Major. And then he took himself off with com-

mendable tack Of course his legs—or his heart—took him to the barracks—that great dismented building on the highest point of Valletta—from which, as from a terrace, some of the noblest views in the south of Europe are to be enjoyed. There, gasing down on the life and color of the grand harbor, all the stir and bustle of which came up softened by distance—the distance of depth only—even as the same distance dwarfed the ships of war and the thousand tiny craft at her feet, he found Mary. She was

craft at her feet, he found Mary. She was standing in one of the ambrasures, leaning on the iron railing, engaged in contrasting, it may be, this day and another. For when he speke, she started, and did something to her eyes be-"Oh, Major Macdonald!" she exclaimed, with a suspicious quiver in her voice. "How you startled me!"

But there. Neither of them has ever confide to me exactly what passed between them. And though I guess—nay, know, for the eternal fit-ness of things cannot be pushed ande over to accommodate a Macdonald—that our friend, the Major, had at first a very sorry time, and was for some miserable minutes spread carlod, so to speak, in that lofty embrasors. mark for his own scorn, yet all is well that ends well. Pehaps the lesson did him good. Perhaps it did not. Perhaps it only relieved a young lady's feelings, and solaced nor pride. At any rate it was given, and it was brought to an end. And this, at least, is beyond doubt. that three very happy people sat down to dis-ner that evening in a certain private room as Durnsford's. The Dean, indeed, had good reason to be satisfied. He never heard again of his pseudo sister, or his indiscretion. The joka had been carried too far even for its pi Mrs. Snell clung obstinately to her hund pounds. Her husband declined to interfere was out of the question that the B should suffer. So the yequeters of the had to put their hands in their pushess and about twenty-five pounds aplace. And the